

tion who may manifest a tendency to react towards the old romanticizing and glorification of the murder of our fellow-men. Eric Remarque's book *All Quiet on the Western Front* serves the same purpose, but *Journey's End* makes the stronger appeal to the sensibilities.

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FROM PARIS.

[Mlle. M. Dugard is the well-known translator into beautiful French of the works of Emerson, and the author of original books too numerous to mention. As a teacher, she had a long career at the Lycée Molière, Paris, where she moulded the minds of hundreds of her countrywomen. Her friends know her as a rare soul who sincerely endeavours to practise not only what she preaches but what she admires in the teachings of others. A protestant against cant and hypocrisy, she possesses a mind that not only tolerates but appreciates, and though old in body she is young in outlook, one of those to whom she refers as "youth testified by freshness or vigour of spirit." We are glad we have secured the co-operation of this active recluse, busy in the service of others and detached for the contemplation of events and ideas.—EDS.]

To give actually a sketch of the intellectual life of France is far from being easy. This difficulty, however, is not to be deplored since it proves how vain are the prophecies which predict the end of our mental activity. To listen to some pessimists, one would imagine that for occidental Europeans the age of literature and philosophy is almost at an end. The day is at hand when, exclusively occupied with problems of material comfort or of social convenience, they will give up this high culture, these works of thought, which were once their glory, but which the pressure of economic necessity has turned into a luxury out of reach. On the contrary, we find in France such a literary efflorescence, such an intellectual product abundant in all varieties and directions of the mind—logical reason, intuition, experience—that the embarrassment is to get a general view, or to choose the most characteristic works.

"To remove this obstacle," readily say the men under thirty, "eliminate the writers of a mature age: the books of the young are alone representative of our time." Evidently this method facilitates selection. But it succeeds only at the cost of a confusion between two different things, namely youth testified by a certificate of birth, and youth testified by freshness or vigour of spirit. Dismissing such a counsel which brings us only to a crude simplification, we shall seek in La Bruyère our touchstone. "When a reading," he said, "raises your mind and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, do not look for another rule to appreciate the book: it is good, and has the master-touch."